

## THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



## TENTH FRAGMENT.

1. Now in the fourth month of the reign of Ed-wād the King, who was saved from the Shamrōkh,  
 2. did the house of Babl-on, by the side of the river,  
 3. the dwellers on the green benches—  
 4. who desist not from speaking, but go on till sunrise  
 5. discussing a motion for stopping  
 6. at midnight . . . . or something  
 7. or other  
 8. that's equally brilliant!  
 9. who ask endless questions (without any notice)  
 10. that never get answers—that suit the enquirer  
 11. . . . . there's no time left for business;  
 12. —feel need of a respite . . . for rest and refreshment.  
 13. Then Arthab-al-Phūr  
 14. (or, otherwise, Névukūdnévvār Rmemba) who looked at the ceiling  
 15. and longed for a Cromwell to take away baubles  
 16. &c.  
 17. the lord of the Niblikh, the wearer of ghétaz,  
 18. the pincher of sand-cones (in fact, the toe-planter by the shores of the ocean)  
 19. who tarried in *bhunkaz* . . .  
 20. the splicer of cliques,  
 21. did fish out his *mashiz*, and *brasiz*, and *puttaz*  
 22. from behind his Birnj-ōnsiz, and calling a *hansamm* . . . . . put them up with the driver;  
 23. then from his official residence did he sally forth and made for the  
 24. course that best suited his fancy,

25. —like his great predecessor, who always saw three courses open  
 26. to choose from!  
 27. Forth went Maik-el-Thapepri, the chief of Thataksaz,  
 28. the fisher for whales (who had swallowed the profit) but who  
 29. landed a shoal of *uél-tūddū* pauperses,  
 30. —the Duin-naisli, the Addabittaluk-thalás-tyérortu.  
 31. When they lay on the deck in a gasping condition he explained  
 32. to them all, in the neatest of speeches, it was not them  
 33. at all, but some fish just behind them . . . . . he aimed at!  
 34. . . . . all . . . . . fine, . . . . . poor consolation!  
 35. And Brodrikh the War-Lord, the maker of armies out of  
 36. sketchy materials,  
 37. —hypothetical men on conjectural *ji-jis*;  
 38. to his six little statues in the likeness of Amikhôr  
 39. —made chiefly of brass, hammered freely on all sides,  
 40. with much tin *appliqué* (both now and hereafter) . . . .  
 41. his spare time he devoted . . . .  
 42. Shuvmenébar the Urgent, arm in arm with  
 43. the Nubár-an-Milnah, whose ermine was sprouting  
 44. so nicely all over his person, . . . . fine growing weather  
 45. the Lord of the Transvaal, and the other place also  
 46. —we are squashing them flat before using

47. a ruler, though the main lines are settled.  
 48. Away, too, went Mhorli and Kamm-el-Banraman,  
 49. Enri-foula the sturdy, the latest of *kōkshāiz*  
 50. of the peace-breathing brethren, an honour he shares with  
 51. the home-coming *satrap*,  
 52. a kind of a gentle philanthropist *boikhot*,  
 53. amounting to lynch-law.  
 54. And Uinūstan, the son of Isdād, the son of Randi all over, who travels  
 55. in *wūltruks* . . . . . without any ticket,  
 56. the chatty companion of Ispal the Vultcha;  
 57. the brightest of all the young sparks that fly upward . . . . . from behind Arthab-al-Phūr,  
 58. Just a bit *harūm-skarūm*  
 59. . . . . even sparks are a danger,—  
 60. when they find their way into  
 61. magazines and newspapers  
 62. or they might even light in some valuable office  
 63. some day . . . . there's no telling.  
 64. All these took their rest after arduous labours  
 65. with numerous others and came back refreshed—  
 66. to hear Kōlduel, and Channin,  
 67. Mistawir, and Jondilūn,  
 68. Tomilokh, Phlin and Būkhstan, Odo-kherti,  
 69. Phlāvin,—all the *latta-deh-siseroz*  
 70. who charm and delight us  
 71. till we go home,  
 72. —on *stretchaz*!

E. T. R.

TO ———.

GENTLE lady, since I saw you last—  
(Ah, those glorious weeks of summer weather!)  
Dreary months on dreary months have passed  
Since they sped away—alas, too fast!—  
Those enchanted hours we spent together.

You of my poor heart again are queen,  
Scorning other claims and dominations,  
Other fainter loves that came between  
(Ah, how futile now they seem, how mean!)  
Now must yield their rival usurpations.

Yes, my all too fickle heart you bind,  
Lady, with the chain of old that bound me,  
All the glowing past I call to mind,  
All that intervenes I leave behind,  
Yielding to your spells that now surround me.

What should stay me?—'tis no idle shame,  
(If the world derides me, lady, let it!)  
I would fain once more your greeting claim,  
Grasp your hand, and call upon your name—  
But—upon my soul, I quite forget it.

### THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

V.—THE BERNARD SHAW SECTION.

(Continued from May.)

20TH—22ND.—A constant and fatal error with play-mongers is to imagine that there are themes, within the scope of their intelligence, which can appeal at once to the gilded Semite of the Stalls and the School Board alumni of the gallery. I say they have no single sentiment of pleasure in common. At times they are bored by the same things, but interested in the same things never. It may satisfy Mr. KIPLING's sense of the realities to assert that "the Colonel's lady and Mrs. O'GRADY" (on the strength) "are sisters under the skin." But, to take him on his own restricted lines, I happen myself to have made a study of armies (see my *Arms and the Man*), and I differ from him fearlessly and without pity.

23RD—25TH.—I have little sympathy for the writer who is lured from the strait road of Art by a passion for pedantic consistency in the general purposes, if any, of his drama. I hesitate to quote myself as a brilliant example of the contrary method; but I still think it was a happy thought to put my most modern criticisms into the mouth of a contemporary of OCTAVIAN; and another, though not quite so happy, to assign the exposition of my best twenty-first-century philosophy (for it will take till then for the public to apprehend me) to a "Devil's Disciple" of the eighteenth. I may have faults, but a taste for academic purity is not one of them.

26TH.—Nor do I pretend to say beforehand whether any given play of mine is intended for a tragedy or a farce. I choose to leave this matter to the audience to decide, having a rooted belief in the subjective plasticity of all great work. I have known my sentiments elicit laughter when I had privately anticipated tears; and I have seen the house divided, pit from stalls, as to which of these two receptions should be accorded to a speech of which the intention was equally ambiguous to myself. In the game of poker, as I am given to believe, the most brilliant artists are those who play without any settled principles of their own, thus permitting their motives to escape observation. Misunderstand yourself, if you would make doubly sure of a position as one of the Great Misunderstood.

27TH.—I merit, of course, the abuse of the critics, who find themselves at a loss to arrange their labels on accepted lines;

and the public is inclined to grow captious through inability to confirm their suspicions of an underlying sense in my plays; but without some guarantee of popular disfavour. One trembles to imagine what will become of one's hesitating self-esteem.

28TH.—To the great Artist there is always something inhibitive in unsuccess; and though there may be danger of over-exultation induced by a run of splendid failures, it is better to perish this way than to die, as some successful authors have died, of a fatty degeneration of the brain.

29TH to 31ST.—In conclusion I would join issue with those rash intellects that have assigned to me, thus early, a permanent seat among the Immortals. Admitted that I have the advantage of SOPHOCLES and GOETHE in enjoying a wider range of vision, I am very little, if at all, their superior in point of actual genius. But in my own case, as in theirs, I protest against the indefinite survival of reputations. The ages should always advance from great to greater, as their purview of humanity largens. And if this little collection of homilies should avail to check that tendency to Cock-Shawolatry which threatens, among the chosen few, to perpetuate my claims as an Authority, neither I nor my readers will rightly grudge the pains we shall severally have expended upon it. O. S.

### AN ODE.

TO AN OLD FAVOURITE.

[It is maintained that the "shooting" of corns on the approach of damp weather is due to the rapid formation of protective tissue, a provision of Nature dating back to a period several thousand centuries before boots were invented.]

COME, shall I now address, or rather, dress thee,  
Companion of my waking, dreaming hours?  
How may I best in fitting terms express thee,  
Life-long curtailer of my walking powers,  
One that, though trodden on, art yet my master,  
Reverse of friend that sticketh closer than a—plaster!

I'll sing an ode, for though I'm far from doting  
Upon an ancient nuisance such as you,  
I see you're white-washed—here I'm freely quoting  
The April North American Review,  
Where Dr. LOUIS ROBINSON discourses  
About the common human callus and its sources.

Our ancestors in every sort of weather  
Were forced to hunt, he says, for food each day.  
All innocent of manufactured leather,  
Their pushful feet were shod in Nature's way;  
Which cuticle, whene'er the glass said "Rainy,"  
Would grow and thicken with an instinct really brainy!

Thus were they soled and heeled, and willy-willy,  
With automatic and impromptu boots,  
Whose "vascular and sensitive papillæ"  
Still linger with one when a pet corn shoots,  
And, active through millenniums, are transmitted  
To punish those who with degenerate shoes are fitted.

Let us be soothed—this extra sole-material  
That on one's nerves will now and then impinge  
And make one hobble at a pace funereal  
Is, after all, a Pre-historic Twinge;  
'Tis but a miracle of atavism  
When clouds impending give your toe a paroxysm!

So then, my pet, my venerable relic  
Descended from a spacious unshod age,  
I'll bear you still with temper that's angelic,  
Nor vex you, as of old, with bootless rage;  
My aneroid's "Set Fair," and hence the reason  
For close-time to your shooting and my game-leg season!  
A. A. S.



**MAUVAIS SUJET.**

Spain. 'CARABIA! AMIGO JONATHAN, YUR NEW CITIZEN LOOKS HAPPY!'  
Jonathan. 'CITIZEN'! NOT MUCH. GUESS I'LL HAVE TO MAKE A SUBJECT OF HIM!





## BANK HOLIDAY—AND AFTER.

(Page from a Holiday-maker's Diary.)

*Monday.*—The usual thing; up to twelve noon know it. After then, suppose it.

*Tuesday.*—Resting a bit after yesterday. High old time. But rather a head this morning. But what's the odds so long as you're happy? And happy I was—no error.

*Wednesday.*—Still a bit off colour. Can't be expected at the works. Leastways, if I am, why, they can "continue the movement"—as they say in the Volunteers—and go on expecting.

*Thursday.*—Why, it seems ages since Monday. Just beginning to feel the rest. Wonderful fixture, bank holiday. Quite leaves a fixed impression.

*Friday.*—Wonder how things are going at the works. Expect nothing much. Know all my pals won't have turned up yet. It can't be all work and no play. Bank holiday doesn't come often.

*Saturday.*—The six days gone! Well, done so before. And as to work. Well, I must think seriously about it next week.

## PEOPLE WHO PALL ON ME.

## III.—THE GIRL WHO DOTES ON LITERATURE.

I MEET her constantly during that period of storm and stress known as the London Season. At other times she haunts the various Spas (in filial attendance on various Pa's) so persistently, that in a moment of verbal aberration, I once termed her the hydro-headed monster. It was rude of me; but I find that taking the waters dilutes my naturally excellent temper.

I feel sure that she hasn't the least regard for—or the faintest inkling as to what constitutes—literature in reality. That is the annoying part. But you can't tell her so (unless you're a brute), and this makes it more annoying still.

As a rule, it is only the very latest book that interests her. And she gets it up—to use an uncouth expression—just like other girls "get up" Bridge or Ping Pong. It promises to be fashionable for a while, and serves to enrich one's small talk. It's—well, Modie-ficent, but it isn't literature.

Sometimes, however, this girl has been known to patronise the Classics. She may have had a ticket for a literary dinner, and thinks she will be called upon to discuss, say, SHELLEY during the fish course, and SCHOPENHAUER while toying with the savouries. Then, with a recollection of the way in which she "did" the Art-treasures of Italy in ten days, she will rush through the literary galleries of the Immortals with an anxious eye fixed upon some popular literary guide so as to find what she *ought* to think about these



## SO SWEET OF HER!

*Mrs. Chatterleigh.* "FANCY, DEAR, AT THE BROWNS' LAST NIGHT THEY WERE ALL SAYING HOW GLAD THEY WERE TO HEAR YOU WERE AT LAST ENGAGED! OF COURSE I DIDN'T BELIEVE THE REPORT, DEAR, AND SAID I WONDERED ANY ONE COULD BE SO STUPID AS TO IMAGINE ANYTHING SO ABSURD!"

"dear poets" and "dreadfully clever" philosophers.

Perhaps this lady is the most trying when she knows a real live poet. I wonder he's alive—but then, perhaps, the acquaintance is not very close. Unless you wish to be put down as an intellectual pariah, you mustn't say you never heard of him before. A few pertinent questions will doubtless enlighten you as to who this genius is. Probably your old friend OCC. VERSEMAN, who once published a volume at the earnest request of himself. But don't disturb her simple faith. Let her think the itinerant musician is a disguised nobleman.

The language which this lady speaks is common to all with a bent for gush. Her conversation may be described as a saccharine sea strewn with adjectival and adverbial wreckage. Useless to impress upon her that wise proverb "All that's published is not sold." To this

dotting damsel print is but a synonym for fame. It may be puerile: yet, what is dotage but second childhood.

## HONOUR MEASURE.

TWENTY years of public service equal a paragraph in the papers.

Two paragraphs in the papers equal a leading article in a journal of standing.

Four leading articles equal the freedom of a provincial city.

Three freedoms of provincial cities equal a banquet of honour in London.

Two banquets of honour in London equal a dozen speeches at the openings of bazaars.

Four dozen openings of bazaars equal an occasional paragraph in an outer sheet.

One paragraph once a month in an outer sheet equals public neglect.

Six months of public neglect equal oblivion.

## CULTURED CONVERSATIONS.

## II.—ARTISTIC.

SCENE.—*The Academy, on fine day the end of May. Captain DORMER, who "knows what he likes," but doesn't understand pictures, is being told what he ought to admire by Mrs. ONSLOW, who, though demure, is very decided, and shows a feeling of responsibility as to the weight of her judgment. Captain DORMER is cheery and docile, and anxiously agrees with Mrs. ONSLOW before she has given her opinion.*

*Mrs. Onslow (in front of portrait of the Misses Wertheimer). Oh! I'm sure this must be a SARGENT. Do look, Captain DORMER.*

*Captain Dormer (bewildered). A sergeant—this isn't a military picture—it's two girls. Ah! (Catching sight of name.) Yes, I see what you mean, of course. Anyone can tell that—SARGENT! good Heavens,—yes! At a glance. Now, don't you think that's rather—* [Undecided pause.]

*Mrs. O. (quickly and decidedly). I do, indeed!*

*Captain D. (relieved). So do I! Do you suppose, now, that vase is meant as an advertisement for the curios, and so on—old China? I must say, these two ladies are really—*

*Mrs. O. You're perfectly right. (They pass on, Captain DORMER wondering what on earth their opinion of the picture is, exactly. In front of "Intercepted Letter," by FRITZ.)*

*Captain D. (really interested). I say, do you know, I call this rather capital. But what on earth is the Johnnie in such a rage about? Awful shame, poor little woman! Why, anyhow, you can see she's been doing a bit of knitting. There can't be much harm in her. I'm afraid you don't like it.*

*Mrs. O. I regard it as mere reporting. Scarcely a picture at all.*

*Captain D. Indeed! By Jove—and I thought the great point in a picture was to tell a story. Of course it ought to stand out, too; I love a picture that stands out well.* [Doubtful pause.]

*Mrs. O. Yet, many critics think one should look at the subject of a picture as though a window. You often hear the expression "well in the picture," don't you?*

*Captain. So you do—I suppose. Now, what price this? I mean, what is your feeling about this portrait of Mrs. RUSSELL? SARGENT again, I see.*

*Mrs. O. Most interesting!*

*Captain D. What's that sort of silvery thing, an egg-boiler, or a Greek lamp—or what? Rum thing to put in a picture.*

*Mrs. O. Don't you see, it's just to give a note of brightness—to "égayer" (as the French say) the picture?*

*Captain D. (illuminated). By Jove! I say, how deep these chaps are, aren't they? Well, I think this is a jolly good exhibition, although the pictures off the walls, Mrs. ONSLOW—*

*Mrs. O. Let us look at the statuary. Oh, how beautiful this frieze is! I simply worship metal work. Don't you?*

*Captain D. Metal work, eh? Yes, it's rather jolly. A bit cold, though. (After thought) Perhaps that's why they call it a freeze. Do you think so?*

*Mrs. O. (laughing). How you eling to the old humour.*

*Captain D. Humour? I didn't know I'd made a joke; but it's all right, if you like it—Let's sit down a bit; I'm sure you're tired.*

*(They rest in front of a landscape.)*

*Captain D. (nervously). Er—how jolly it would be if we were sitting under that tree, wouldn't it? It looks awfully jolly, don't you think so? (Slight pause) And so well drawn too!*

*Mrs. O. The colouring of Yseult by FRANK DICKSEE—is beautiful—so warm and glowing—*

*Captain D. Yes, I daresay, but (frankly) she's not my style.*

*Mrs. O. Isn't she, indeed? (rising). Well, thank you so much for taking me round. I feel I've not seen half—but that's really the best way, you know—*

*Captain D. (quickly). You mean, to do it in time. Yes; I shall be delighted to come again, if you will. Fond of the—a—Old Masters?*

*Mrs. O. I adore them. Which are your favourites?*

*Captain D. (thoughtfully). Isn't there a chap called JONES—something JONES? Oh, no; he writes plays, doesn't he? Well—(suddenly) oh, yes; RAPHAEL, and all those fellows. Splendid! Nothing like it here, is there?*

*Mrs. O. What a charming thing this is of Venice.*

*Captain D. Yes—and the Viennese, I believe, are so very nice.* [A pause.]

*Mrs. O. Fond of pastels?*

*Captain D. Can't say I am. I hate those perfumed burning things. Must you go now? Well, we'll go to the Classical Concert on Saturday, won't we, Mrs. ONSLOW? Au revoir!*

*(He puts her in a hansom and walks down Piccadilly, feeling his tone has been raised but his spirits a little depressed.)*

## THE SEASON.

Lo, it's the season! The talk is of marriages,

Maidens and bachelors made into one;

Dowagers driving in all sorts of carriages,

Resolute Benedicks watching the fun.

Band-boxy, up-to-date, deucedly pretty girls,

Breezy old bucks who date back to the Ark;

Guardsmen who chaff and are chaffed by the witty girls—

Guardsmen are always in place in the Park.

Dinners and dances—we take them all dashingly—

Staircases happily crowded with girls.

Snowy white shoulders, and golden hair flashingly

Gleaming and glancing with diamonds and pearls.

Music that swings you and makes you feel supple, too,

Bliss for your partner and rapture for you;

Fans made for one that can cover a couple, too;

Nooks for the lucky ones sitting it through.

Now we can eye with an air supercilious

Countrified cousins at function and show;

Smile while their vigorous bands Piccadilly us

In to the pictures or out to the Row.

Catalogued, ardent, they throng the Academy,

Prattle with pleasure or shudder with shocks,

Startled by nudities Evy or Adamy,

Thrilled by the portraits of children in frocks.

Ladies with curls (and a patent for curling 'em),

Men with moustaches and looking their best,

See how they vanish in hansoms to Hurlingham,

All irreproachably booted and dressed.

Sweet *têtes-à-têtes* that mean much without saying it,

Lawns of cool grass that invite you to stroll;

Ponies and polo and prodigies playing it,

Turning and charging and striking for goal.

Then we go whirling—that's always the way we go—

Off after dinner to HAWTREY or MAUDE;

Starched, patent-leathered and black to the play we go;

Some of us laugh while the others applaud.

Some of us think that our plays are too clever now,

Some of us hold that the drama is dead.

Some swear by ROBERTS, who's better than ever now;

So to our supper, and then to our bed.

Yes, it's the season! our time for frivolity!

Off with our troubles for once in a while!

See with a ripple of jesting and jollity

Smoky old London breaks out in a smile!

Racketings, jauntings and innocent devilry,

Hearts beating madly, but always in tune,

Playtime and pleasure and rushes of revelry—

That is the way of the season in June!

R. C. L.



## A GOOD BEGINNING.

Gipsy Fortune-teller. "PRETTY GENTLEMAN, YOU WILL HAVE LUCK TO-DAY!"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It seems almost a pity to have given forth *The Further Memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff* (GRANT RICHARDS). There is so little in this collection except her letters to GUY DE MAUPASSANT which could add anything to the extraordinary wonder of daring self-revelation produced by her "dear diary" of a few years back. On reading these scrappy memoirs one is inclined to question whether this strange girl genius would have ever attained the heights to which she aspired. Her one ardent prayer was to be a star. But it was with short meteoric brilliancy that she just flashed across the Parisian firmament and then sadly vanished, leaving a memory of complex fascinations. Her short correspondence with GUY DE MAUPASSANT is bright with girlish conceits and admiration, a strong contrast to that decadent author's affectation of boredom. MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF reveals herself as a conflicting mixture of small vanities that is surprising in such an ambitious nature, till one remembers her youth, and then these little oddities of character make her individuality decidedly more convincing, and one takes her as a girl utterly out of the common, a problem to be studied.

RICHARD MARSH wastes very little time on unnecessary description, no matter how strong the temptation to wander from the straight path of story-telling may be. In his novel of *Mrs. Musgrave and her Husband* (JOHN LONG) he has given a strange tale, and, as it appears to the Baron, a decidedly original one. So death-dealing is he in this tragedy that he seems to have said to himself, "Reason thus with Life; If I do lose thee I do lose a thing Which none but fools would keep,

A breath thou art," and so five of his characters, including an innocent babe, are deprived of their power to "carp vital airs." The story is of the *De Lunatico Inquirendo* order, and more than this, as in a wink darkly, the Baron may not hint. Coincidence that the author of this so-to-speak Broadmoorish tragedy should be a "Marsh." The proverb as to the insanity of certain hares refers to those of the Marsh, not, as so often and always erroneously quoted, "a March hare." The Baron begs to introduce *Mrs. Musgrave and her Husband* to his friends.

*A Woman Derelict* (JOHN LONG), by MAY CROMMELIN, is the story of a woman who, after a great shock, has lost her memory, much as did the Count in *The Cigarette Maker's Romance*, and who recovers it in a somewhat similar fashion. The novel lacks the tender charm of MARION CRAWFORD's story, and the reader's interest in the heroine, which is aroused to a certain pitch of puzzlement by the style of narration involving the striking use of italics almost as freely employed as they were in very early nineteenth-century novels, soon flags and would gradually die out were it not revived by the introduction of a dramatic situation of which, however, nothing particular comes, as, after a considerable waste of existence, the unfortunate heroine, who, when "a little wanting," might either have become the wife of her affectionate doctor (if he hadn't happened to have a crazy Jane of a wife still living), or who might, on recovering her memory, have rejoined her loving husband (had he not quietly married again and been blessed with a child), comes to an untimely but most opportune end.

*Sa Majesté L'Amour*, by MAX O'RELL (CALMANN LEVY, Paris), is a delightfully amusing companion for the leisure hour of an



Englishman, for a Londoner especially. MAX O'RELL is as fair as it is possible for a foreigner to be when criticising the "tricks and the manners" of any other country but his own. MAX O'RELL knows his England and his London better than do most Frenchmen; he is a keen observer, has genuine humour, and as a writer he is very amusing, because he refuses to take anything seriously. Well does he say, "*Pour la matrone britannique les mots français et immoral sont synonymes; mais je vous assure que les Anglais intelligents se moquent de cette dame tout autant que nous.*" MAX O'RELL knows his bourgeois britannique so perfectly, and his bourgeoisie too, that it is surprising, to the Baron at least, how so sharp-sighted and so keen-witted a writer is unable to avoid the ordinary pitfalls into which a foreigner writing about England and the English [and in a general way represented by Count Smorltork in *Pickwick*, who stays here "Long-ver' long—time, fortnight more"] invariably tumbles headforemost. Occasionally one is puzzled to know whether he is being uncommonly satirical at the expense of intelligibility, as, for example, when he writes, "*En Angleterre, la belle-mère n'est pas le sujet de plaisanteries aussi amères qu'en France. La raison est toute simple. La mère anglaise n'a point d'autorité sur son fils. Comment pourrait-elle espérer en avoir sur son gendre?*" Yet, at whose expense do our English dramatists, our satirical artists, our song and novel writers, invariably obtain a laugh, if not at that of the Mother-in-law? If it were not so, how comes it that the English so thoroughly appreciate the *belle-mère* in French farces? However, this is only a chance sample, but of such mistakes as an Englishman of similar calibre to MAX O'RELL would make, were he, after long residence in France, to give his impression of French men and women, especially Parisians. There is, the Baron is informed, a good translation; but surely, in these days, even those who "cannot speak" nor write "your so beautiful language," can at least read and thoroughly enjoy *Sa Majesté L'Amour* (a rather misleading title, by the way) in the original "as he is wrote." THE BARON DE B.-W.

### THE DISEASE OF GENIUS.

[All genius, according to medical materialism, may be accounted for by abnormal physical conditions.]

#### Chorus of Aspirants.

FILLED with all-expectant yearning  
To the door of light and learning  
Where the lamp of truth is burning  
Eagerly we flock;  
And with breathless expectation  
Here we humbly take our station  
While upon his habitation  
Venture we to knock.

#### Enter Medico-Materialist.

Incarnate Wisdom, hail!  
Before thy learned brow  
Thy servants do not fail  
To bow;  
Without thy aid we can't  
Accomplish our affair—  
Incarnate Wisdom, grant  
Our prayer!

M. M. Rise, gentlemen, and tell me who ye be,  
And what it is that ye would ask of me.

Chorus. Aspirants to fame are we,  
Anxious all to leave a name  
That shall ever honoured be  
On the roll of fame.

Some to letters, some to art,  
Some to politics aspire;

Some would play a SHAKESPEARE'S part,  
Others SAPPHO'S lyre.

Teach us how we each may rise  
To such enviable state—  
Thou, in whom all knowledge lies,  
Teach us to be great!

M. M. Friends, I will teach you. First remember, please,  
That genius is simply a disease.

Chorus. Disease!

M. M. Undoubtedly. It indicates  
Abnormal, extraordinary states.  
You doubt me? Could an ordinary fellow  
Have written plays like *Hamlet* and *Othello*?

Chorus. No indeed! No indeed!  
We are healthy and sane,  
But we all are agreed  
'Twouldn't enter our brain

To write such a play as *Othello*, *King Lear*, or *Hamlet* the Dane.

M. M. Well, if ordinary mortals write their ordinary plays  
In their ordinary language and their ordinary ways,  
There must be some abnormal cause, it's very clear to us,  
Accounting for the symptoms of abnormal genius.

For the secret of CARLYLE'S success we needn't travel far;  
The symptoms clearly indicate duodenal catarrh;  
Redundant cerebellum caused the wisdom of old Solon,  
While Fox's Martyrs indicate a much disordered colon.

The busts of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE that Italians make for us  
Without a doubt suggest a case of hydrocephalus;  
The diseases of the moderns I'd swear to on the Bible,  
If it weren't for the terribly expensive law of libel.

Chorus. Then, learned Sir, we gather that without  
Disease we never can be great?

M. M. No doubt.  
Tell me the bent of each one's aspirations,  
And I'll at once prepare inoculations.  
They may, of course, prove fatal, but we'll chance it.  
Just wait a moment while I fetch my lancet.

[Exit M. M.]

Chorus. Wo! wo! Where shall we go?

What are we in for? I'm sure I don't know—  
All the diseases  
This gentleman pleases  
To put in our bodies to prosper and grow.

Of course it is splendid to write problem plays,  
And to reap a fair harvest of shekels and praise;  
While, if we keep healthy,  
We'll never grow wealthy,  
But still be mere nobodies all of our days.

And yet if disease is the *sine qua non*  
That glory and fame are dependent upon—  
Hark! hark! We can hear him  
Concocting his serum!  
Perhaps, on the whole, we had better be gone.

### "BY THE SILVER SEA."

Sea-side. Tripper—none too clean in appearance—charts  
bathing machine. Smart-looking schoolboy (about to enter next  
machine), loq. I say, Ma, I wish that dirty fellow wouldn't  
bathe here.

Mama. Why, TOMMY? If people of that sort were to bathe,  
they'd be as clean as you, you know.

Tommy (eyeing Tripper closely). Not in once, Mama!



## NOTES OF A DOG O' WAR.

["It is said that complaint is made in Germany that the military hounds employed in the Army for outpost work do not sufficiently appreciate the importance of their duties."—*Evening Paper*.]

GUARD has left me here on this hill near a cluster of trees and pointed to a white object yonder. Inspect it after a run of a thousand yards and find it only a helmet. Much more interesting if it had been a hare. Man wearing the helmet suppose one of the enemy. Gives me a biscuit. Wag my tail. Suppose my guard would like me to bark. Not me; why should I? Chap in the helmet quite friendly. Have no end of a game with him. He throws a drum stick for me to recover. Recover it. Found it difficult to recognise my friend on my return, as he is lost in a whole battalion that have assembled during my run. As I can't find my man, send away to my original position near the cluster of trees on the hill. Listen! Tramp of feet coming another way. Lie down for a quiet snooze. After my run tired. Prick up my ears. More tramping of feet in yet another direction. Shall I bark? Don't think so. Far better to have a doze. Hallo! What's that? Why, if it isn't a rabbit! Off I go! Can't bother any more about the enemy. My object in life is to chase bunny.

## THE MORE THAN USUALLY GAY SOLDIER AT ISLINGTON.

EVERYONE is delighted when the Agricultural Hall at Islington is occupied by the gallant performers who have made the Royal Military Tournament one of the most popular features of the entertainments of the year. Directors may come and directors may go, but "the combined display" goes on for ever. The musical drive, too, is a source of intense pleasure to thousands. When the Life Guards and the Lancers dance about on their horses to the tunes of the band, even the oldest spectator forgets to regret the faded glories of ASTLEY's Amphitheatre. Then there are the real contests—sword against bayonet, lance against lance—all useful and, to put it technically, to the point. Everything so far excellent—very good.

But—alas that there should be a but—there is an innovation this year that is scarcely an improvement. Quite the best thing of the shows of other days was the dignity of Captain DANN, Master of the Ceremonies. Had the gallant officer been in a civilian circus he would have possibly had to unbend to the clown, and act as a ring-master. And this is what the Captain was seemingly invited to do on a recent occasion. Surely this was a mistake. If comic relief must be introduced, it would be well to let the drill take its proper place in the exercise book. For instance, something of this might be permitted.



## THE BETTING QUESTION.

WHAT IT MIGHT COME TO.

["His Lordship said that 'The evil was creeping into the nurseries . . . on inquiry their lordships would find that . . . the children were indoctrinated with the same betting ideas as the nurse.'"—*Times*, Tuesday, May 21.]

Comic squad drill. To produce a mirth-provoking grimace.

At the caution of the Instructor, "Prepare to grin," the recruit will bring his right eyebrow sharply up to the level of the lobe of his left ear. At the word "Two," he will raise the corners of his mouth and drop the eyelid over his left eye, sharply bringing it back again, judging his own time. At the word "Three," he will exclaim, "Ha, ha, ha!" and stand steady.

If the comicalities of the ring were regulated in the manner suggested, all would be, if not quite well, at least much better. As it is, the comic relief is a little out of hand and requires discipline.

For the rest, Islington is as merrier if not merrier than of yore. The audiences come in their tens of thousands to secure enjoyment and to assist in a work of charity. So, take it all round the circle, there is nothing demanding complaint.



Cabman. "FRAID I CAN'T TAKE YOU AS FAR AS 'IGHGATE, LADY. I TOOK HIM DOWN TO THE DERBY YESTERDAY, AN'—"  
Master Tom. "DID HE WIN!"

#### SLAVERY FOR EVER!

(Extract from a Zanzibar Romance.)

"Nothing appears in the official correspondence to show that the extinction of slavery has been hindered by anything else than the reluctance of the people themselves to break as a body with the only form of social existence they have known."—*Times*, May 31.]

"ESCAPED once again!" panted the bondsman, as with a faithful band of followers he disappeared into the bush.

"Save us from this new despotism!" cried his lieutenant, who, having had the advantage of a British education, was more intelligent than the rest. "We are not fit, O Master, to be turned away from our homes and a condition of irresponsibility to earn by cruel hard work our living."

A deep roar of applause was the confirmation of the statement.

"Silence!" shouted the bondsman in a whisper. "Silence, or we shall be discovered. Not five minutes since, we were in danger of being taken and forcibly deprived of that protection which those idiots from London call 'slavery' because

they don't in the least understand the situation."

"We will never give up our shackles," said a maiden. "They are quite the fashion as bangles."

"And to think that, at the bidding of shouters in an obscure hole known as Exeter Hall, we should give up the absolute comfort of protection to the brutal uncertainty of bosh called 'freedom' is too absurd!"

Again it was the lieutenant who had had the advantage of an English education who was the speaker.

At this moment the sound of martial music was wafted into the bush.

"Ah, I know that hateful tune," cried the bondsman. "Yes, there goes the idiotic refrain, 'Britons, never, never, never will be slaves!' I consider it rubbish!"

"And so say all of us," replied the lieutenant. "Britons never will be slaves. But we will!"

And with this determination the excited band continued their escape from freedom by hurrying through the bush.

#### DEFYING TIME.

BENEATH the flaming sky of southern clime,  
Mid verdant groves with golden fruit embossed

A mortal stood in meditation lost,  
And pondered deep inexorable time.  
His bowed head was silvered o'er with rime

For, ah! he had on life's rough sea been tossed,

And Time's remorseless fingers had almost

Closed on his throat, amid the City's grime.

But here where gentle zephyrs fanned the air,

And Nature overspread with bounteous hand

Her tranquil splendours, hither had he flown,

Where boldly he the stretch of Time could dare:

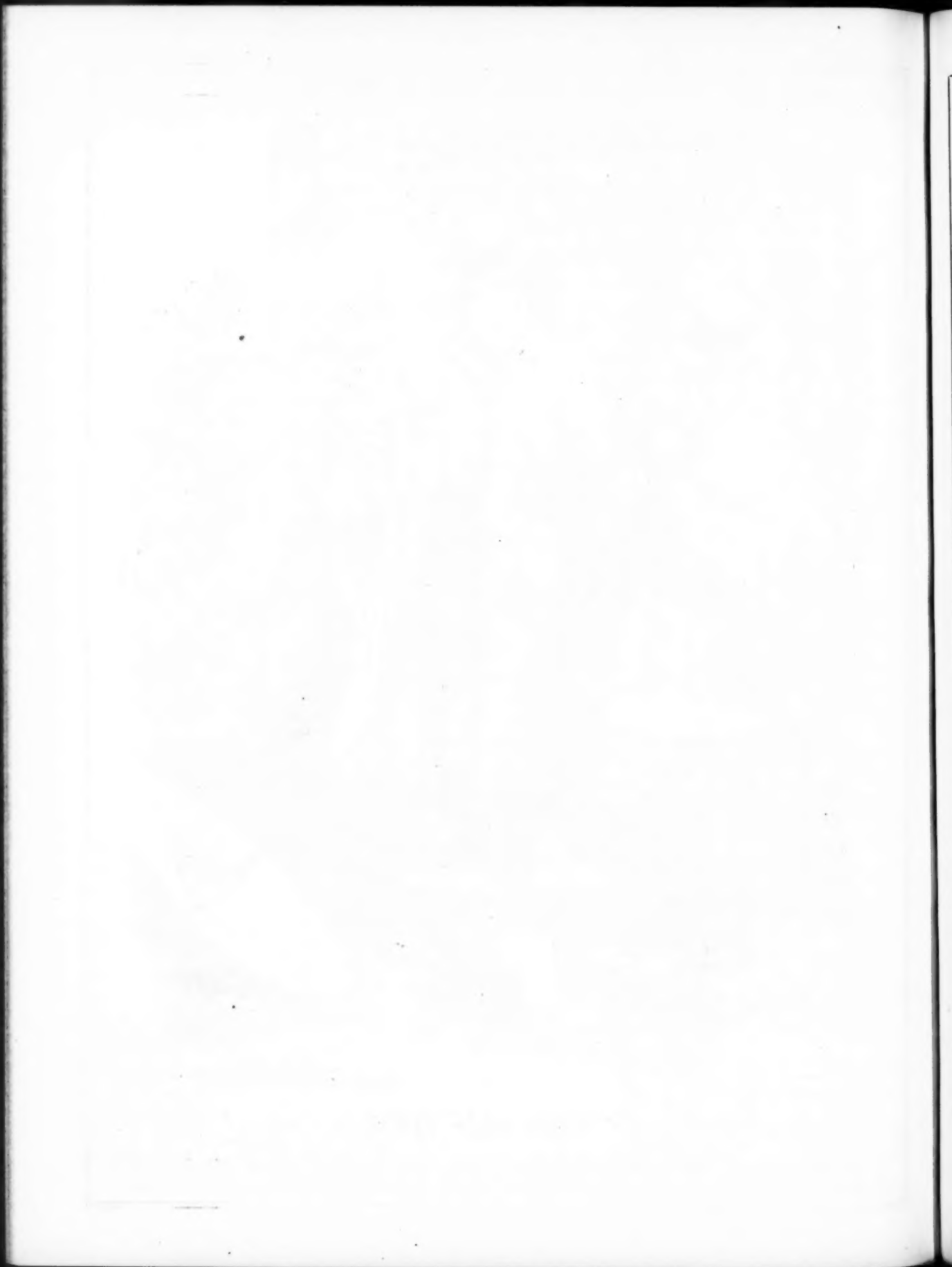
The missing bank clerk rested in a land  
Where extradition treaties were unknown.



“THE OLD FIRM.”

DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA (to OLD LI HUNG CHANG). “THEY SAID WE WERE WRONG ‘UNS, DID THEY? TRIED TO SHIFT US! BUT WE’RE BACK IN THE OLD PLACE IN SPITE OF ‘EM.”





## A HORRIBLE IMBROGLIO.

AM I engaged to EVELINA TREMAYNE, or am I not?

That is the question which I have been asking myself for the past six weeks, and I seem to be as far from learning the answer to it as ever.

Six weeks ago I proposed to EVELINA on a sudden impulse. I am an impulsive man. But whether she accepted my suit or rejected it I do not know, and I find this condition of uncertainty peculiarly galling.

It came about in this way. A month previously I had met EVELINA down in Surrey. It was at the FARRINGTONS' dance. She waltzed divinely and wore pink. Soon afterwards she came up to stay with her grandmother in Regent's Park. Before I had seen her a dozen times I had discovered that life without her would be worthless, and one morning I wrote to her from my chambers in the Temple asking her to be my wife.

Now mark the malignity of things. I had hardly sent off that letter when I was summoned to Brighton on business which might take three or four days. As Mrs. TRIPPETT is rather careless about sending on my letters, I went to the Post Office in Fleet Street before leaving town, and filled up a form, ordering all letters to be forwarded to my address at Brighton. In this way I felt that I should receive EVELINA's letter with the least possible delay.

My Brighton business took less time than I had anticipated, and I was on the point of returning to London next morning when I ran across Uncle BOWKER at the station. He informed me, with tears in his eyes, that Aunt EMILY was at the point of death at Torquay. I need not say that I hurried to her side, only to

find her completely recovered. She was much offended when she learned the reason of my visit, and in order to propitiate her I agreed to run over to Llandudno to see a tenant of her's who wanted some repairs done to the roof of his house. Both at Brighton and at Torquay I filled up forms instructing the postal authorities to forward letters.

accident I seem to have hit upon the secret of Perpetual Motion, and my letters—EVELINA's among the number—are doomed to revolve, planet-fashion, round the watering-places of England and Wales to all eternity. As things stand at present, I am as completely isolated from correspondence as ALEXANDER SELKIRK. I have inquired in vain at the Fleet

Street Post Office, and even at St. Martin's-le-Grand, for a form, by the filling up of which I may break the spell which imprisons my letters, but no such form exists. Meantime, the number of cheques, invitations, and bills revolving on their orbits instead of being delivered to me grows daily greater, and none of them, save the cheques, can I "stop." This, for obvious reasons, I do not wish to do.

When I first returned to Town, and no letters reached me, I did not dream that anything was wrong. After waiting a day or two, therefore, for a line from EVELINA, I decided that her reply must have miscarried and wrote again, saying, that I feared her answer must have been "lost in the Post." I little knew how completely "lost in the Post" it was! When, however, no reply



"THE TWOPENNY TUBE."

"Hi, GUV'NOR, THERE AIN'T NO STATION NAMED ON THIS TICKET!"

"No; ALL OUR TICKETS ARE ALIKE."

"THEN, 'OW DO I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING!"

Having transacted Aunt EMILY's business at Llandudno, I returned next day to Town, after filling up a final form ordering all letters to be sent after me to London.

By that seemingly harmless act, I cut myself off entirely from the blessings of the penny post! No letters, either from EVELINA or from anyone else, ever reach me now. They are addressed to me in London. London forwards them to Brighton, Brighton to Torquay, Torquay to Llandudno, Llandudno to London, London to Brighton again. At no point do they ever reach me. By some hideous

came to this second letter I became uneasy, and when no letters reached me at all from any quarter, I began to realise the terrible predicament in which I was placed. My letters were hurtling round the seaside resorts of Great Britain instead of being quietly delivered at my Chambers in the Temple, and even the Postmaster-General was incapable of arresting their flight!

My first idea, when I perceived what was happening, was to write EVELINA a note asking whether we were engaged or not, and begging her to reply by bearer. But the question looked so preposterous

on paper, that I had not the courage to send it.

Then I thought of driving round to Regent's Park and making the enquiry in person. But the practical difficulties seemed insuperable. The demeanours of a rejected suitor and an accepted lover are widely different, and try as I would, I failed to hit on a compromise which should combine the characteristics of both.

Lastly, I had a scheme of putting the question frankly to some friend of both of us; but my vanity shrank from the task, and I reluctantly abandoned it.

And now, to intensify the difficulties of my position, EVELINA and her grandmother have gone abroad for some weeks, and as I have not their address—if we are engaged, it is doubtless in one of those letters which have been sucked into the vortex of my correspondence—all possibility of interrogating either of them is for the moment, at an end.

The worst of it is, I have no longer the slightest desire to be engaged to EVELINA. On the contrary, the sufferings of the past few weeks have made the idea positively distasteful to me. Moreover, less than a fortnight ago I met DOROTHY SINCLAIR at a garden party, and now I feel that only with DOROTHY can I ever be happy. She has blue eyes, and plays croquet adorably. I have seen her several times since, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to ask her to be mine. But so long as I do not know whether I am engaged to EVELINA or not, I cannot possibly propose to DOROTHY. And so long as I cannot get hold of EVELINA's letters I cannot discover whether we are engaged.

From this horrible imbroglio there seems to be no way of escape. Moreover, EVELINA does not return from abroad for five weeks, and as DOROTHY starts with her father for India in three, it is tolerably clear that unless the Post Office consents to disgorge my correspondence—which it shows no symptoms of doing—DOROTHY will be half way across the Indian Ocean before I can personally interview EVELINA and discover whether I am free to propose to anyone else.

St. J. H.

#### SOCIAL ASTRONOMY.

*Celestial Notes from a very Future Number of a Society Journal.*

["Of late years total eclipses have tended more and more to be social functions. In fact, celestial phenomena, which were formerly ignored as vulgar proceedings, conducted by astronomers and other mechanics, have now the honour of being witnessed by really smart people."—*St. James's Gazette*.]

It is feared that the partial eclipse of the sun will attract few, if any, of the really smart people this year owing to its falling on Ascot week. This clashing of dates appears, from all accounts, to have been unavoidable. However, it is ex-

pected that those mainly responsible for the organizing of this astronomical entertainment will include in their bill of fare, comestibles of a lighter order than usual in deference to the taste of the multitude who will be desirous of supporting the enterprise with their presence.

Parties are already being made up to witness the shadow which crosses the sun on the 14th prox. It is particularly fortunate coming immediately before the Dumpletown Races, as the hosts of pretty frocks which are always a feature of this exclusive little meeting, or will have a preliminary airing, so to speak, on the 14th. Lady SAGITTARIUS and the Hon. STELLA POLARIS are included in the house party of the Marquis of SIRIUS, the genial President of the Society of Astronomical Entertainers.

Owing to Sir PYLADES ORION being out of town the shower of shooting stars fixed for next Wednesday will have to be held over indefinitely. It is greatly to be hoped Sir PYLADES will be able to fit in this beautiful phenomenon with his social arrangements, as it only takes place once in thirty-three and a quarter years.

It is a thousand pities that the eclipses of the moon, formerly among the most prominent of popular functions of the season, are to be discontinued owing to lack of patronage. *Sic transit gloria lunae*, one might exclaim. It is now over fifty years since an eclipse of the moon has been arranged in anything like a satisfactory manner. It is an open secret that the financial gain attached to these lunar spectacles was anything but encouraging. Still, we cannot but deplore the lapse of an ancient and time-honoured custom, and can only hope that some generous patron may be forthcoming from our "old nobility," who will place future eclipses on a firm financial basis.

We understand that the enterprising paper, *The Daily Diddler*, has made arrangements for introducing to its readers, and a specially invited body of scientific gentlemen, a new and original comet. Such of the millions of readers of the *Diddler*, as are desirous of participating in this unique stellar offer, should send up five coupons cut from current numbers of the journal when they will be furnished with a ticket entitling them to a seat in the line of route. It is anticipated that the comet will come into sight at the Marble Arch about 10 a.m., and wend its fiery way down Oxford Street, reaching the Bank about noon. The proprietors of the *Daily Diddler* wish it to be distinctly understood that they do not hold themselves responsible for the non-appearance of the comet at the hour advertised, or at all.

#### A LULLABY.

(For the Use of Sporting Nursemaids.)  
See "The Betting Question," page 419.

BABY darling, baby darling,  
Hushaby, no more be fretting.  
Softly slumber while your nurse  
Gently reads to you the betting.  
Baby darling, baby darling,  
Why so restless, why so cross?  
Nurse will read you the "arrivals,"  
And the latest from the course.

(Refrain very softly.)

There, baby, there!  
Darling mustn't cry.  
If nurse's horse  
Can stay the course  
He'll pass the others by  
And nurse will win, then baby shall  
Receive her little share  
Of nurse's bets,  
If gee-gee gets  
There, baby, there!

Baby darling, baby darling,  
Cease your weeping, there's a pet;  
Do not sob because your nurse  
Has a little sporting bet.  
Baby darling, baby darling,  
Do not purse your rose-bud lip  
'Cos I'm going to have a shilling  
On a "special stable tip."

(Refrain, very softly.)

Hush, baby, hush!  
Darling mustn't cry.  
Nurse will show  
Baby how  
To flutter by-and-by.  
And she shall have a bookie man  
Who lives in Shepherd's Bush,  
And have a dash  
With dada's cash,  
Hush, baby, hush!

Baby darling, baby darling,  
Nursie is not always wrong.  
Tho' she fancies dark outsiders  
At a price absurdly long.  
Baby darling, baby darling,  
Do not always fear the worst;  
One day nurse will back a gee-gee  
That will somehow get in first!

(Refrain very softly.)

There, baby, there!  
Darling mustn't cry.  
Never mind,  
Nurse will find  
A winner by-and-by.  
And we will risk a tiny sum  
Upon a likely mare  
And see her come  
A-romping home,  
There! Baby, there!

#### AN EPSOM ANTIQUITY.

*Mr. Flugs*. Have you ever been—er—to the Derby before?  
*Miss Splatterdash* (ætat 22). Rather!  
Three times in the last century!





### YE FIRST MEET OF YE COACHING CLUB IN YE TIME OF YE ROMANS.

*From a rare old frieze (not) in ye British Museum.*

#### OCCASIONAL OPERATIC NOTES.

*Saturday, May 25.*—A memorable night. The duel between Herr KNOTE as *Lohengrin* and Herr MOHWINKEL as *Telramund* was about as near the real thing as it could be, with an entirely novel and unrehearsed effect as poor *Telramund* got such "a nasty one" across the nose—"Bridge" in it again!—that instead of falling, as is the *jeu de scène* familiar to all, he suddenly staggered off, concealing the wound so effectually, that, but for the apology made for him after the fall of the curtain, few would have been aware of the accident. His place was immediately and capably filled by Herr MUHLMANN, who repeated his performance on the following Tuesday.

*Wednesday, May 29.*—*Tannhäuser* in its native German. Most satisfactory. All kept well in hand, orchestra included but chorus excluded, by Herr LOHSE, whose motto is "if it were done, t'were well it were done quickly."

Mlle. STRAKOSCH, as *Venus*, attractive as the *Venus* of *Venusberg* ought to be. Madame SOBRINO bright as the *Shepherdess*, and *Sir Tannhäuser* a masterpiece by Van DYCK. Herr Van ROOY is the *Broth of a Boy*, Sings marvellous well in German, And we raise our glass, In praise of Herr BLASS, Who was very good as *Hermann*. But we turn off the

poetical tap and return to prose. After rather a surfeit of "the Letters of ELIZABETH," we all welcome the charming notes of EMMA EAMES as *Elisabeth*, of which we cannot have too much.

*Thursday, May 30.*—Memorable. Much ado about something. First night of the STANFORD-SHAKESPEARE-STURGIS, or the S.S.S. Combination Opera Co. in four acts. Music composed by CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD ("Op. 76"—whatever this may mean to the cognoscenti, or "knowing ones"), to libretto by JULIAN SHAKESPEARE and WILLIAM STURGIS. Let it be said at once, so as to put the opera-going world in general, and the "S.S.S. Comb. Op. Co." in particular, at their ease, that its success, on its *première*, was undisputed, and that everyone interested in British musical industry may sincerely congratulate composer, librettists (including the "Divine WILLIAMS"), artistes, conductor, manager, Syndicate, and in fact everyone concerned in the production.

STANFORD and STURGIS  
Were two clever men  
Writing an Op'ra  
For Covent Garden.

STANFORD's the music  
STURGIS' the rhyme;  
Says STANFORD to STURGIS  
"We've done it this time!"

Which Dr. STANFORD can set to music and sing as a duet with his librettist. And now, without further compliment, for the performance. That Dr. STANFORD can write music for high

comedy is evident from all that he has done in this direction throughout *Much Ado*; but when he attempts low comedy, as in his orchestral jesting for the part of *Dogberry*, then what might possibly be considered intensely humorous when "made in Germany," must appear to an English audience as the merest commonplace of farce and pantomime which would be appropriate when accompanying the comicalities of DAN LENO, HERBERT CAMPBELL and an acrobatic donkey on the stage of Drury Lane at Christmas, with energetic Mr. Hand-and-Glover beating the air in the orchestra.

Had Professor STANFORD, "Op. 76," slyly introduced the tune of *The Vicar of Bray*, the cryptic jest might have been appreciated by not a few of those on whom such exhibitions of humour are never lost. Neither is this scene enlivened by Herr BLASS, an operative comedian evidently chosen for *Dogberry* on account of three-fifths of his name suggesting (in English) the Shakspearian clown whom he has to impersonate. It is in this part of the Opera that librettist (possibly) and composer (certainly) have thrown away their chances. The idea of making *Verges* a pantomimist, without a word to speak, may have seemed exquisitely humorous until it came into action on the stage, and then *Verges* is simply in the way, whereas, how suggestive of a genuinely comic trio are *Dogberry*, *Verges*, and *Seacoal*! Dismissing this Shakspearian farcical portion as the only mistake in the whole Opera and, remembering that he "who never makes a mistake never makes anything," let us "out the cackle and come to the 'osses."

There is no overture; prelude; chorus commencing on stage before rising of curtain. From this minute forward, all the music is charming; but it flows on and on so melodiously, yet always so rapidly, that, it being impossible to stem it (and not for worlds would we dam it, *cela va sans dire*), we cannot even stay it for a moment in order to obtain an encore. Consequently, sweet melodies and momentarily catching phrases are swirled along one after the other, and there is nothing to be caught.

On comes that villain of deepest dye, *Don John*, dressed in black, with white face, reminding me of the most melodramatic villains with whom I have had the pleasure of being acquainted. The general appearance of Mr. DUTTON in this part suggests the idea of a vampire who has had rather a bad passage between Dover and Calais. Mr. HYDE as *Borachio* ("ch" hard, so that an inspired rhymester may not say, "Here comes *Borachio* With a black moustachio," unless he spells it "moustarkio"), and Mr. DUTTON manage to pronounce their English so cleverly that not a few intelligent persons in the stalls exclaim, "Hallo! why, it's in Italian after all!"

Mr. DAVID BISPHAM, a Welshman presumably, also managed to give this Italian effect to the plain English of JULIAN SHAKESPEARE, otherwise his *Benedick* was in singing excellent, and in acting a very clever reading of that eccentric Shakspearian character who, though "officer and gentleman," yet has the rough-and-ready bearing of one who has risen from the ranks and been taken up by H.R.H. *Don Pedro* of Arragon (played unobtrusively by Mr. IVOR FOSTER), to whom he acts as a kind of Court Jester. For singing and acting, commend me to JOHN COATES, who, as *Don Claudio*, appeared to be a very gallant and most amiable "young lord of Florence."

*Leonato*, Governor of Messina, was efficiently represented by Mr. PUTNAM GRISWOLD, who, though he had given the character white hair, yet had evidently considered him as a very young man for his years, and in this style so played him. It was almost touching to see with what modest dignity he welcomed his guests, carrying his timidity to such a pitch that, in addressing them from a raised dais, he appeared so bashful as to be really unable to open his eyes. This was a genuine artistic touch: *Leonato* had got his speech by heart, and any distraction might have put it out of his head.

SUZANNE ADAMS simply charming, in singing and acting, as the heroine *Hero*, and Miss MARIE BREMA will soon improve on her

first-night performance of *Beatrice*, which even then left very little, while her perfect singing left nothing, to be desired.

M. PLANÇON always great as *Jupiter*, or good as a mediæval ecclesiastic, came out dramatically and vocally strong as *Friar Francis*. He, too, kindly sang in English (but then Frenchmen are so polite), though he shied at the word "impediment," substituting "cause," and it was rather hard on him that Mr. STURGIS should have given to the French *frère* the only line in the libretto that isn't of the "well of English pure and undefiled," as, in answer to *Claudio's* prayer for pardon, his Reverence is made by Mr. STURGIS, not by SHAKESPEARE, to say, "God pardon thee, and she thy hapless bride!" However, it's all "much ado about nothing," and, also, "all's well that ends well." Good novel effect produced musically by combination of church bells, church organ behind scenes, orchestra, while *Beatrice* and *Benedick* are duetting. The conduct of the boy acolytes, who during this "extraordinary scene in a church, at a wedding" remain impassable, is beyond all praise. Good boys these.

Time permits no more ado at present by yours truly. The Opera should be given several times this season, and then take its place in the regular *répertoire*. Yet, after a first hearing, when encores were not permitted, I can only record a generally pleasant impression of one "harmonious whole," and, therefore,

Surely this Opera has come to stay,  
Since nothing from it can one take away.

Any number of "calls" after every act. Did they "come when they were called?" Aye, marry, did they! Professor STANFORD holding on to Master STURGIS, and both kept in their proper places by being in the grip of the artists who, at another time, brought on MANCINELLI the Merry, when they all advanced in a line as if they were going to do a real good dance by way of a finish. But they didn't; perhaps they did after the curtain was down, for they must have been thoroughly satisfied with the success.

#### OVERLOOKED, NOT FORGOTTEN.

(An Extract from *Military History*.)

THE General was very pleased. There was an excellent parade of troops. All arms of the service were admirably represented. Cavalry, infantry, and artillery were all well to the fore. Many of the men were young—growing lads. There were others bronzed from service in the field. Medals abounded, and good-conduct stripes were widely distributed.

"Excellent!" cried the General, as he examined the state.

"Nothing wanting. Plenty of Regulars?"

"Plenty, Sir," was the prompt reply.

"The Yeomanry in full force?"

"A very large number indeed, Sir."

"And the Volunteers—our gallant Volunteers—they have responded to the call of duty?"

"Indeed they have, Sir." Then there was a pause. The General seemed to be lost in thought.

"To make the army absolutely representative, I fancy we should have a few of our old constitutional force. Are any present? Of course, I mean our friends the Militia."

Again there was a slight pause. It was passed from rank to rank that the Militia were absent. What had become of them?

"Well, really," exclaimed the General, "we must account for the Militia." Then came a consultation, and after a brief interval an answer to the question was forthcoming.

"If you please, Sir, the Militia are not on parade, Sir, because—"

"Yes—because?"

"They are in South Africa, Sir, fighting for their King and country." And the explanation was considered satisfactory by the General, and even more than satisfactory by the remainder of the British Empire.

## MR. PICKLETHORN'S CONTRIBUTION.

## CHAPTER II.

In the editor's room of *The Trumpet Magazine* sat Mr. HENDERSON, regarding an MS. which lay before him in a manner which can only be described as savage. Against the mantelpiece leaned Mr. BRADGATE, the sub-editor, looking extremely uncomfortable—which was not to be wondered at, for his chief had just been giving him a piece of his mind, and on such occasions Mr. HENDERSON was not in the habit of considering other persons' feelings.

"In the course of my experience," he remarked, "I have had to read a great quantity of rubbish—but never, I assure you, BRADGATE, never such quite unmitigated drivel as this!"

"I'm very sorry," said Mr. BRADGATE humbly. "Really, I can't understand it at all. It is the most awful nonsense, as you say. But are you bound to take it?"

"Thanks to you," rejoined the editor, "I suppose I am. You came to me full of a humorous sketch which this fellow had written, and which you assured me was positively brilliant."

"Yes," put in Mr. BRADGATE; "it was in the *Charing Cross Review*, and it was called 'A Novel Revenge.'"

"And on the strength of it, you persuaded me to ask him to contribute to our Christmas Number. Worst of all, you were so desperately keen on getting him, that you induced me—quite contrary to custom—to offer him a rather fancy

price, and to send him half the amount in advance! And the result is that he gives us drivel that would disgrace a school-boys' paper. Really, BRADGATE, I thought you had more sense. Of course, if he is really a friend of yours—"

"He's nothing of the kind," said the sub-editor, with some indignation. "I told you that I'd never even heard his name before, and I hunted out his address in the directory."

"Sure you didn't make some mistake about it?"

"Quite sure—it isn't a common name, and there was only one JOSIAH PICKLETHORN in the Directory, so that—"

At this moment the office-boy entered with a card, which he handed to Mr. HENDERSON. "Gentleman wishes to see you," he said.

"By Jove!" cried the Editor, "it's the chap himself! Show him in, Thomas. Now we'll have it out with him," he added to the sub-editor. "Don't you go, BRADGATE—he's your protégé, you know."

And in another minute, THOMAS reappeared, ushering in Mr. JOSIAH PICKLETHORN, who shook hands warmly with Mr. HENDERSON as the Editor rose to greet him.

"Happened to be passing this way," he said, "so I thought

I'd just drop in and see whether you'd got my story all right."

"Yes," replied the Editor frigidly, "we have your story, Mr. PICKLETHORN."

"Ah, that's right. Then, if you don't mind, I'll take along that other seven-pound-ten with me. And, if you happen to want a few more stories of the same sort, why, as I was telling my wife this morning—"

"One moment, Mr. PICKLETHORN," interposed Mr. HENDERSON. "I assure you we want no more stories of the same sort. In fact, I am greatly—very greatly—disappointed with the tale you sent me."

"Eh?" exclaimed the author, with obvious surprise. "Disappointed, are you? How's that?"

"Surely, you must feel that it is such infinitely inferior work to—"

"A Novel Revenge," supplied Mr. BRADGATE.

"Yes, 'A Novel Revenge.' Inferior to it in every way!"

"That's a matter of taste, Sir," rejoined Mr. PICKLETHORN. "For my part, I think that story of mine couldn't easily be beaten. Why, I assure you—"

At this juncture, the office-boy again entered with a card.

"Mr. RICHARD SMITH," said the Editor, reading it. "Never heard of him. You'd better see what he wants, BRADGATE. Now, Mr. PICKLETHORN, I must be frank with you. This piece of work of yours is wholly unsuited to our magazine, so I must suggest that

we cancel our contract. Comparing it with 'A Novel Revenge,' I think—"

"I don't care what you think," cried Mr. PICKLETHORN in high wrath; "but if you think I'm a fool, you are mistaken, and that's all about it. Cancel the contract. Not likely! As to that other story you keep on dragging in, not having read it—"

"Not having read it! Why—Mr. PICKLETHORN—you wrote it!"

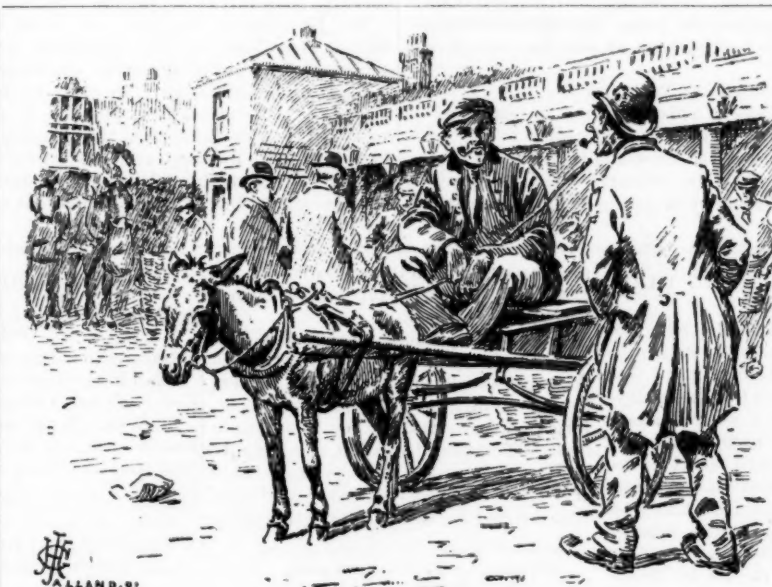
"Look here, Sir," Mr. PICKLETHORN retorted; "not being a literary man myself, I don't understand these games. Is it a joke, or what?"

"A joke!" cried the astonished Editor. "D'you mean to say you didn't write 'A Novel Revenge' in the *Charing Cross Review*?"

"Most certainly not," replied Mr. PICKLETHORN. "Never wrote a line in my life till—"

The door burst open, and in rushed Mr. BRADGATE, followed by a young man in a state of obvious surprise.

"Most extraordinary thing!" gasped the sub-editor. "Look here, HENDERSON, this is Mr. RICHARD SMITH—and it's he who wrote 'A Novel Revenge!'"



"GOING TO HEPSOM, BILL!"

"HEPSOM! THIS YEAR! NOT ME! LOOK AT THE INCOME TAX!"



"I don't understand," said the Editor, feebly, with his head between his hands. "I understood you to say that Mr. JOSIAH PICKLETHORN—"

"Yes; but this gentleman wrote that story—his first, it seems—over a pseudonym, and signed it JOSIAH PICKLETHORN."

The rightful owner of that name gasped, and turned fiercely upon the stranger.

"Do I understand, Sir, that you deliberately stole a name—stole my name—and attached it to your own miserable story?"

"I must apologise," said Mr. SMITH. "I am most grieved—"

"Apologise! D'you think an apology is enough for wilful forgery?"

"Not wilful," Mr. SMITH protested. "May I explain? When I'd written my first story, 'A Novel Revenge' and it was accepted, it occurred to me that I must take a *nom-de-plume*. Too many 'RICHARD SMITHS' about, you see. I tried to think of an uncommon one, and, somehow—I suppose I must have seen it in a newspaper—the name 'JOSIAH PICKLETHORN' came into my head. It seemed such an odd one that it was just what I wanted."

"Such an odd one!" cried Mr. PICKLETHORN.

"So—er, out of the way—and distinguished; in fact, it never occurred to me that there could be a real owner to the name. I needn't add that I'll use another pseudonym in future."

"You had better!" said Mr. PICKLETHORN. "Otherwise, young man, you'll find yourself in prison before you're much older."

"But you see now, Mr. PICKLETHORN," said Mr. HENDERSON, who had been conferring in an undertone with his colleague, "that there has been an absurd blunder, and that I wrote to you under a misapprehension. Under the circumstances, I am sure you will release me from the contract, and allow me to return your manuscript to you."

"As you please," said the author. "If you're fool enough not to use a really clever story—well, that's your look out."

"Very well then," resumed Mr. HENDERSON. "And that cheque I sent you—?"

The wrath on Mr. PICKLETHORN's face gave way to a complacent chuckle. "It's cashed," he said. "I'll let you off the other half; but if you think seven-pounds-ten is too much for sitting up half the night writing—well, I differ from you, that's all. And if you want it back, you'd better sue this young gentleman, who forged my name! Well, I'll be going. I don't bear no malice, and if you should want one of my stories by-and-bye, you can write; you know my address, anyhow!"

Mr. PICKLETHORN has not yet been asked, however, for further contributions. But among his friends he now adopts a tone of lofty patronage when speaking on literary topics. "Very poor stuff it is," he said, criticising contemporary fiction. "Of course, I've no time to write myself. As a matter of fact, though, one of the best magazines once asked me to write a story for them, and sent me a cheque in advance."

At which remark his friends regard the sugar-broker rather incredulously. But Mr. PICKLETHORN is telling the truth, all the same!

A. C. D.

#### THE DERBY, ACCORDING TO DARBY JONES.

HONOURED SIR,—“Oh! who will o'er the Downs so free?” sings the Bard once beloved by the mellow-toned Boys who warbled at Evans's in the GREEN old days long ago. The Poet must assuredly have been referring to the chalky Uplands of Epsom for, as you are well aware, they are unlike many parks and pleasaunces known as Kempton, Sandown, Hurst and Lingfield, as free to all Humanity as is the Atlantic Ocean or the National Gallery. I confess, Sir, that I have a great Regard for Epsom on the Derby Day. It is a Cosmopolitan Holiday, and if Mr. CARNEGIE, the cast-iron King-Democrat were to entrust Messrs. WEATHERBY with £5,000,000, wherewithal to endow a Great International Race without Entrance-fees, Forfeits or payment of Riding-Money to Jockeys it would not knock out the Top Weight in the Turf Ring.

As my friend the Count says, “The Derby is so easy to go to, and it is so easy to get away from.” The Count is a nobleman of Singular Resourcefulness. For instance, whenever he is going to decimate the Grice in Caledonia, he invariably has his Portmanteau labelled for Clapham Junction. “You can get anywhere, my friend,” he says, “from Clapham Junction.” So you can from Epsom, if the Monetary Scales are tipped up against you. This year I shall appear on the Hill on the well-appointed Coach of my friend Mr. DIGBY SLAPP, whose late lamented sire made a fortune out of Patent India-rubber Mourning Hatbands. DIGBY himself is far from funereal, unless he be regarded from

the standpoint of an Hibernian Wake. His motto is “Cash or Crash,” and his favourite colour Vermilion.

But a truce to these Meanderings; let us to the Poesy of Business. Lord SALISBURY and the Right Honourable JOSEPH, to say nothing of Lord MILNER of St. James's Street and Capetown House, have their difficulties, but what are they to those of a Scrutator into an Inscrutable Mystery? Nevertheless, as the Gaul says, “On Avong!” Here, therefore, goes:—

The *Hamlet* seems to be fancied at home  
But surely the *Flowershape*'s better.  
Regal Red to the fore is not likely to come  
Nor *Disdainful* be held an up-setter.  
The *Orange King* may make a bid for the lead  
When *Greek Entrance* is doing his best,  
*Sander's blossom* will need a rare turn of speed  
When *Hatchpoteh* is put to the test.  
The *Town of Natal* may run into a place,  
But *Calf-comfort* is not one for me,  
And the *Curious Lord* will not stride at a pace  
That will do for the *Lord with a Bee*.  
The *Ready Hats off* should be one of the three  
Who will fight with the *Jaw-breaking Pole*,  
But beware oh! beware of the *Treasury Gee*  
When the foremost are nearing the goal!

So the Spirit of Divination has moved me. I cannot do more than divine. I have several Spirit-rapping friends; they cannot do more. I have tried them. All spirits seem woefully ignorant about Horse Racing. If they were not, they would be as popular as Scottish whiskey in the opinion of

Your devoted henchman and heeler,  
DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I presume, honoured Sir, the same old spot under the Luncheon Baskets—opposite the Grand Stand?

#### AN EXHORTATION.

(A suitable Preface for a Volume of Minor Poetry.)

OH, do not ask that my attempt in rhyme  
Shall in the highest spirit of poesy  
Conceived be. Or that my muse with Time  
Shall pace it out unto eternity.  
But to each page thy gentle favour lend  
And read my volume to the bitter end.

Oh, ask not how to publish this I dare!  
Nor be thou over curious to know  
If I who trill and twitter am aware  
How hard the immortal trumpet is to blow.

Thy kindly glances on my rhyming spend  
And try to read the volume to the end.

My passion all too precious is to find  
A place in aught so cold as inky ode;  
Nor any thoughts that may appoint my mind

Shall you expect released from their abode.

Sans passion, feeling, thought thy way  
Shalt wend

These pages through unto the bitter end.

When SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, WORDSWORTH,  
each hath proved

A dainty morsel for the tooth of Time  
And mighty music leaves thy heart unmoved,

Thou shalt bethink thee of my votive rhyme.

And half in wonder, half in pity bend  
Thine eyes upon these pieces—to what end?

AN IMPRESSIONIST.—The burglar who takes the wax model of a key.